



Much the Easier Task.

It was morning, and as he glanced out of the window he was surprised. "Why, it rained last night," he remarked.

There was a flash of indignation in his wife's eyes as she turned on him.

"Rain!" she exclaimed. "Well, I guess it did rain. And I had to pull up the awning and put down the windows."

"But you needn't have done that," he protested. "Why didn't you wake me?"

"I tried to," she answered coldly, "and I found the other an easier job."—Chicago Post.

Only One Answer.

McJigger—He does ask some of the most useless questions. He saw roast chicken on the bill of fare to-day, and he asked the waiter if he thought it was good.

Thingumbob—Well, how was that a useless question?

McJigger—The waiter was a colored man.—Philadelphia Press.

Most Urgent Business.

Lawyer—If anybody asks for me this afternoon say I am called away on most urgent business.

Office Boy—Yes, sir.

Half an hour later:

Stranger—Is Mr. Quill in?

Office Boy—No sir; he's been called away to a baseball match on most urgent business.—Golden Days.

Serious, But Not Fatal.

He lost his grip on the moving train, and yet he broke no bones;

But when he found he had left it there he swore in awful tones.

—Town Topics.

HER MIND'S WORK.



Bertie—Ah, Miss Ruby, are your thoughts wandering in the diaphanous realms of fairyland?

Miss Ruby—No; I was wondering whether we'd have boiled potatoes up at the boarding house to-day. We've had 'em five days running.—Chicago Daily News.

Wrong Word.

"Hello, your uncle," Dumley cried, "Has left you all, I've heard."

"Not all," poor Glimley said, and sighed: "Entirely" is the word.

—Philadelphia Record.

Like the Real Thing.

Church—How did you like that war drama at the theatre, the other night?

Gotham—It seemed like the real thing. There was a boy eating peanuts in the gallery and the shells were dropping all about me.—Yonkers Statesman.

His Improved Circumstances.

"Hello, Coogelman! I didn't expect to see you up here. You look as if you were prospering. The last time I saw you, I think, you were running a saloon in Juggtown. What are you doing now?"

"I'm in the —er—retail liquor business."—Chicago Tribune.

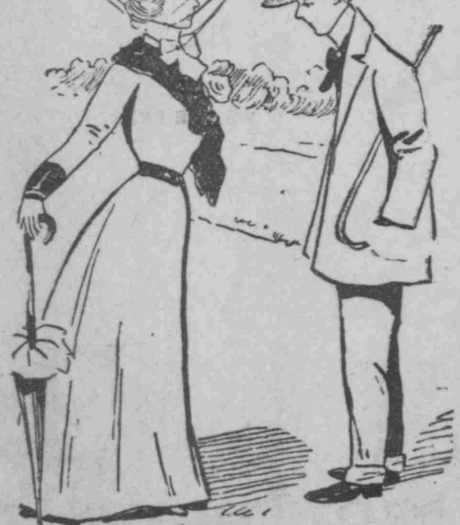
A Modern Wonder.

She's a wonder of the age, for she is upon the stage, and you will agree with us if her you've seen.

For she's over 46, but she manages to fix so she looks to be around about 14.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

BEREAVED.



He—I've lost a wealthy aunt to-day. She—When did she die? He—O, she isn't dead, but her niece has just jilted me.—Judy.

Lost by Waiting.

She—One year ago you proposed to me.

He—I did.

She—And I cruelly refused you.

He—Yes.

She—Well, I have thought the matter over lately and have changed my mind.

He—So have I.—Chicago Daily News.

Dumley's Road to Wealth.

Mr. Dumley was making an evening call, and Bobby, who was allowed to sit up a little later than usual, put to him the following question: "Mr. Dumley, do you want to make five dollars in ten minutes?"

"Do I want to make five dollars in ten minutes?" laughed the young man. "Certainly I do. But how can I make five dollars in ten minutes, Bobby?"

"Mamma will give it to you. She told pa that she would give five dollars to see you hold your tongue for ten minutes."—Tit-Bits.

An Estimate.

He that distrusts his fellow men, And eyes them all askance, Confesses what a knave he'd be If he but had a chance.

—Washington Star.

BLASTED HOPES.



Tommy Tuff—Say, mam, the boys all say if I handle the stick in the baseball game this afternoon, we'll beat the Hilltops fourteen to one.

His Mother—I don't doubt it, but you are going to stay at home this afternoon and handle the stick for me, and we'll beat the carpet worse than that.—Detroit Free Press.

Quoth the "Skeeter."

"I'm fond of folks," the "skeeter" sighed, "But they love me not, I see. Although at divers times they've tried To make a smash on me."

—Boston Herald.

Deceived by Appearances.

Old Friend (just returned)—Your engagement with Miss Prettie is off, I see.

Billton—Off?

Old Friend—Why, yes. She just passed, and scarcely deigned you a look.

Billton—Oh, that's it? We are married.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Bright Side.

A lady was lamenting the ill-fortune which attended her affairs when a friend, wishing to console her, bade her look upon the bright side.

"Oh!" she sighed, "there seems to be no bright side."

"Then polish up the dark one," was the quick reply.—Golden Days.

The Common Mould.

'Tis strange to think that monarch's great Built on heroic plan.

Have chills and headaches, very like An ordinary man!

—Washington Star.

FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.



Mrs. Mosquito—Be sure you get the number of his room right, Willie.—Chicago American.

Kept His Word.

"I'll turn her head," The young man said; So he began to flatter, With tricks and wiles And winning smiles, And fascinating chatter.

He did it, yes! He did it, yes! It made him feel quite yellow; For soon her head was turned Towards the other fellow!—London Fun.

Three of a Kind.

Ella—Bella told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her.

Stella—She's a mean thing—I told her not to tell you I told her.

Ella—Well! I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did.—Brooklyn Life.

Biterness.

"There's that girl singing 'A Bird in a Gilded Cage!'" said the nervous man.

"Yes," answered the boarding house wag. "If I had a bird that couldn't sing any better than that, I'd open the cage and let it fly away."—Washington Star.

How It Was.

"It was like this," said the prominent citizen of Beaumont, Tex.: "They bored the well down 3,000 feet without finding oil, and then pulled up the drill and moved off."

"—The stockholders?"

"Oh! They were left in the hole!"—Puck.

Never at Home Now.

"Do you remember that young man you had your eye on when I was here three years ago, dear?"

"Oh, yes; I remember."

"Have you got your eye on him yet?"

"Oh, my, no! I married him, you know, and I can't keep my eye on him now."—Yonkers Statesman.

SIGNALS OF THE STREETS.

Nearly Every Bell in the City Thoroghfares Now Means "Jump for Your Life!"

In the steady volume of the noises of the street the bell has become the insistent characteristic—the jingling bell, the tinkling bell, the sweet bell jangled out of tune—above all, the peremptory clang of the warning gong. It is not so very long ago that the bells of the street were few and readily understood. There was the gypsy chime of cowbells swinging on a leather belt supported by uprights on a pushcart. Its not inharmonious jangle meant old rags as certainly as the blast of the horn meant Friday fish. The clangor of the brazen handbell, the large dinner bell, pealed in a sort of march tempo, was a sure indication of the passage of the scissors grinder, with his wheel upon his back and the bell in hand, looking for the chance to renew the edges of domestic cutlery.

Every horse on every street car wore a bell at his collar, and the rhythmic jingle was no unpleasant accompaniment to the flinty beat of iron-shod hoofs in measured intervals upon the cobbles, says the New York Tribune.

Now the bells have only one message, and a stern one: "Get out of the way!"—a message such as may be read where country turnpikes cross the track under the warning gibbet, with its inscription: "Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings." The stroke of every bell upon the streets in this high speeding age means "Jump for your life!" With clang and clatter the electric car whizzes past, and before the warning has ceased to ring in the ears will be a block away.

Still more peremptory are the ambulances, whose rubber tires bring them, scarcely heard, right down upon the wayfarer before their gong goes off with the rattle of all the watchmen of antiquity rolled into one. Still more stealthy in its approach is the bicycle, with the weaker demand of its continuous performance bell for the right of way; but foot travel has become habituated to the wheel, and is disposed to insist upon some such rule as secures the right of way at sea to the windjammer over the steamer.

The latest bell to come upon the streets is that which marks the coming of the automobile. Some of these deadly machines have adopted the shrill pipe of the whistle of steam or compressed air, but others have a distinctive chime of two notes, like some church clock striking the half-hour. For no worse sin than ringing the bells of his parish church John Bunyan saw the red-hot gates of hell yawning open for him. Just think what a doomdealer he would be were he to listen to the bells of the street.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

New Regulations Designed to Promote the General Intelligence of the Country.

Although illiteracy is almost unknown in Germany, legislators are constantly busy designing means for promoting the intelligence of the masses. Uniformity in the elementary schools is the purpose of an act recently gone into effect, says an educational authority. The law decrees that a child must attend school from six until 14 years of age. Exceptions may be made, but blind and deaf and dumb children are subject to this rule wherever special arrangements have been made for their instruction. Children attending other public schools or receiving instruction from private teachers, corresponding, at least, to that of the public schools, are not obliged to attend the latter. Children who continually neglect school without sufficient excuse can be compelled to attend. Parents or guardians who neglect to keep their children at school will be subject to fines or imprisonment varying from three hours to two days. Instead of imprisonment work for the community may be imposed.

Employers who keep children from school will be fined not less than 150 marks. Parents and guardians are obliged to provide material for needlework and other means of instruction for girls. Otherwise the school board has the right to obtain these things by compulsion. According to the district physician act of April 1 all public and private schools are, in hygienic matters, under the control of an official physician, who must, at certain intervals, winter and summer, visit every school in his district and examine the buildings as well as inquire concerning the health of the pupils and the schoolmaster.

Original.

As the farmer entered the town a courtly man drew near with a view to swindling him.

"You can't sell me a gold brick!" said the farmer, at once.

"How original you are!" said the man.

"Yes," said the farmer, "I am a mark, of course, but I am no mere ditto mark, I tell you those!"

The man started violently at this. And had it not been for the other's pure, limpid David Harum dialect, he would have had his suspicions.—Detroit Journal.

Slow.

Towne—Isn't he the most tiresome talker you ever heard?

Brown—Yes, he reminds me of a woman sharpening a pencil.

"Sets your nerves on edge, eh?"

"Not only that, but it takes him so long to get to the point."—Philadelphia Press.

John's Opinion.

Mrs. Howes—For mercy's sake, John, what have you been doing in the back yard all the evening?

Mr. Howes—You see, dear, it was so much more interesting to hear what the servants said about you and your mother than to listen to what you and your mother had to say about the servants that I staid a good deal longer than I meant to.—Boston Transcript.

Elements of Greatness.

It is said that a great broker once told his son that only two things were necessary to make a great financier. "And what are those, papa?" the son asked. "Honesty and sagacity." "But what do you consider the mark of honesty to be?" "Always to keep your word." "And the mark of sagacity?" "Never to give your word."—Chicago Chronicle.

In a Class All Alone.

He—What kind of a woman is that beautiful Mrs. Swift?

She—Well, with one exception, she makes every man she meets sorry that he isn't her husband.

"And the one exception?"

"Oh, he's sorry that he is."—Chicago Daily News.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes Feel Easy, Cures Corns, Itching, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Smarting, Sore and Sweating Feet. All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Fashion's New Fad.

"What is the nature of this new-fangled malady which they call the 'golfing spine'?" "That," responded Cynicus, "is easy. 'Golfing spine' is what the old man used to have after a hard day's plowing, but he called it the backache."—N. Y. Times.

Clubb—"My wife's going around with a chip on her shoulder to-day." Chubb—"That so?" Clubb—"Yes; she found one in my pocket this morning."—Philadelphia Press.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

"Yes, he cracked a joke." "Well?"

"And there was nothing in it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hoxsie's Croup Cure

The life saver of children. No opium. 50 cts.

Some remarks would be more remarkable if left unmade.—Chicago Daily News.

Half an hour is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Love poems should always be bound in calf.—Chicago Daily News.

MARKET REPORTS.

Cincinnati, Sept. 7.

CATTLE—Common .. 2 40 @ 3 65

Extra butchers .. 4 75 @ 5 00

CALVES—Extra .. 6 00 @ 6 25

HOGS—Select shippers .. 6 85 @ 6 90

Mixed packers .. 6 60 @ 6 85

SHEEP—Extra .. 3 10 @ 3 25

LAMBS—Extra .. 5 00 @ 5 25

FLOUR—Spring pat .. 3 50 @ 4 15

CORN—No. 2 red .. 57 1/2 @ 72

OATS—No. 2 mixed .. 37 1/2 @ 37 1/2

RYE—No. 2 .. 56 1/2 @ 56 1/2

HAY—Ch. timothy .. 13 50 @ 13 50

PORK—Family .. 15 50 @ 15 50

LARD—Steam .. 9 10 @ 9 10

BUTTER—Ch. dairy .. 12 1/2 @ 12 1/2

Choice creamery .. 22 @ 22

APPLES—Per brl .. 1 50 @ 2 00

POTATOES .. 2 75 @ 2 90

Sweet Potatoes .. 2 75 @ 3 00

TOBACCO—New .. 8 05 @ 9 85

Old .. 11 25 @ 13 00

Chicago.

FLOUR—Win. patent .. 3 40 @ 3 50

WHEAT—No. 2 red .. 71 @ 71

No. 3 spring .. 66 1/2 @ 68

CORN—No. 2 .. 55 1/2 @ 55 1/2

OATS—No. 2 .. 34 1/2 @ 35 1/2

RYE—No. 2 .. 53 1/2 @ 53 1/2

POK—No. 2 .. 14 60 @ 14 65

LARD—Steam .. 9 35 @ 9 37 1/2

New York.

FLOUR—Win. patent .. 3 60 @ 3 85

WHEAT—No. 2 red .. 76 1/2 @ 76 1/2

CORN—No. 2 mixed .. 60 @ 62 1/2

OATS—No. 2 mixed .. 38 @ 38

RYE—Western .. 60 1/2 @ 60 1/2

PORK—Family .. 16 75 @ 17 00

LARD—Steam .. 9 65 @ 9 65

Baltimore.

WHEAT—No. 2 red .. 73 1/2 @ 74

Southern .. 58 @ 75 1/2

CORN—No. 2 mixed .. 60 @ 60 1/2

OATS—No. 2 mixed .. 37 1/2 @ 38

CATTLE—Butchers .. 5 00 @ 5 25

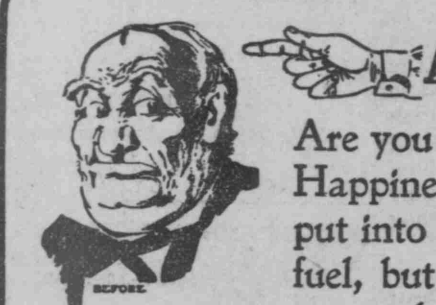
HOGS—Western .. 6 75 @ 6 80

Louisville.

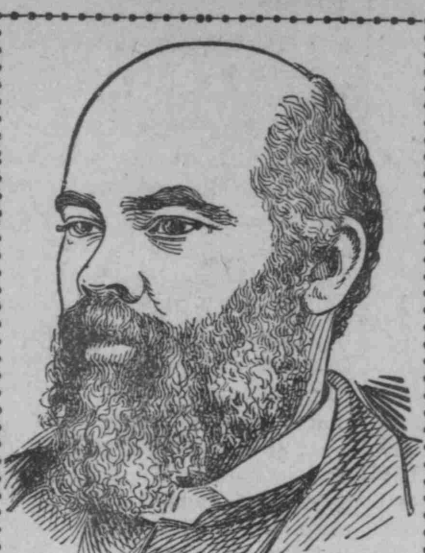
WHEAT—No. 2 red .. 71 @ 71

CORN—No. 2 mixed .. 60 @ 60

OATS—No. 2 mixed .. 37 1/2 @ 37 1/2



A METHODIST BISHOP GIVES PE-RU-NA GREAT CREDIT.



BISHOP GRANT, OF INDIANAPOLIS.

Bishop A. Grant, of Indianapolis, Ind., writes the following letter:

Indianapolis, Indiana, 3349 N. Pennsylvania Street.

Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.: Gentlemen—"I have been using Peruna for catarrh and can cheerfully recommend your remedy to anyone who wants a good medicine."—A. Grant.

Prominent members of the clergy are giving Peruna their unqualified endorsement. These men find Peruna especially adapted to preserve them from catarrh of the vocal organs which has always been the bane of public speakers, and general catarrhal debility incident to the sedentary life of the clergyman. Among the recent utterances of noted clergymen on the curative virtues of Peruna is the above one from Bishop Grant.

Writes His Recommendation for the Famous Catarrh Remedy, Pe-ru-na.

The day was when men of prominence hesitated to give their testimonials to proprietary medicines for publication. This remains true to-day of most proprietary medicines. But Peruna has become so justly famous, its merits are known to so many people of high and low station that none hesitates to see his name in print recommending Peruna.

The following letters from pastors who use Peruna speak for themselves: Rev. E. G. Smith, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, of Greensboro, Ga., writes:

"My little boy had been suffering for some time with catarrh of the lower bowels. Other remedies had failed, but after taking two bottles of Peruna the trouble almost entirely disappeared. For this special malady I consider it well nigh a specific."—Rev. E. G. Smith.

Rev. A. S. Vaughn, Eureka Springs, Ark., says: "I had been prostrated by congestive chills and was almost dead; as soon as able to be about, I commenced the use of Peruna. I took five bottles; my strength returned rapidly and I am now enjoying my usual health."—Rev. A. S. Vaughn.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.